

## TRAIN ROBBERS CAUGHT.

Two of the Chesapeake & Ohio Train Robbers Arrested in the Vicinity of Huntsgton, W. Va., and Identified. One of Whom Is Wounded. The People Preparing for a Lynching.

HUNTSINGTON, W. Va., Dec. 15.—Burton Forgy, the wounded train robber, was taken from his home to the county jail this morning. Tom Collins was also arrested this morning before daylight at his home in Bradlee, on the Ohio side, opposite this place. He was confronted by Hon. Sam Matheson, who had the fight with them on the train. He immediately recognized Collins as he had Forgy and denounced him to his face as one of the robbers. Collins was brought at once to this side and landed in jail.

The evidence against these men is growing stronger all the time. The coat found where the robbers left the train with a scorching bullet hole, corresponding to the location of Forgy's wound, has been identified by Clothier & A. A. Northcut as one sold to Forgy. The coat also matches a vest sold to Forgy at the same time.

Forgy and Collins were companions and on Saturday were together in the hardware store of Emmons & Hawkins, inspecting revolvers. There they met Jim Saunders, a 15-year-old boy, who told them he had a navy revolver. Collins bought it from him for \$2.25. The pistol was one of the two captured on the train and has been positively identified by the boy and a gunsmith who repaired it.

Mr. McBride, a railroad man who was on the train at the time of the trouble, was taken into the jail yesterday morning and recognized the prisoners as the train robbers. He is positive they are the men.

There are ominous movements among the people, and the authorities are quickly preparing for an attack on the jail to-night. If it comes there will be bloody work.

## NOT MURDER.

That Wholesale Sickness Among the Non-Solons Was the Object of the Home-Steal Plot.

PITTSBURGH, Pa., Dec. 15.—The story of the selection of the poison alleged to have been used in the execution of the Home-Steal plot was learned from an authoritative source. As has been stated, the design was not to cause the death of any of the non-solons, but to produce such an epidemic of sickness as to create a panic among them, and thus effect a stampede from the works. A prolonged discussion ensued among the conspirators as to the kind of poison to be used and it was finally decided to consult a druggist. The conspirators represented that they wanted to disable a pugilist, so that he could not win a fight in which he was to engage. They were asked if they wanted the drug to act quickly or otherwise. It was stated that they preferred something that would take effect gradually, so as to arouse suspicion. The conspirators were told that a certain preparation could be made that would gradually undermine the strength, and if persisted in, would knock out the victim in three or four days. The formula of the preparation was obtained and it is said the ingredients were found in the sampler of coffee and sirup which were analyzed by the chemists at Braddock, Homestead and Duquesne.

## A SENSATIONAL REPORT.

Mon. James G. Blaine Said to Be On His Deathbed—His Weakness Has Increased So Rapidly That Recovery Is Almost Hopeless.

NEW YORK, Dec. 15.—The following special from Washington has been received: James G. Blaine is now on his deathbed. The strength-sapping malady from which he has suffered for so long a time has assumed a form which assures a speedy termination. The disease attacked his lungs a short time ago, and its course has baffled the skill of his physicians.

The visit of Dr. E. G. Janeway, of New York, to Mr. Blaine is indicative of the extreme gravity of the case. When the fact became known that Mr. Blaine's lungs were succumbing to the ravages of disease, plans were laid to convey the invalid to Pasadena, Cal., in the hope that a mild and soothing climate might enable him to rally.

Mr. Blaine's weakness, however, increased so rapidly that the trip to California was abandoned. There is reason to believe that the ex-secretary's death may occur at any time.

Rev. Father Ducey's visit to the Blaine residence at this time has naturally revived the talk about Mr. Blaine embracing the Roman Catholic faith. A strong belief prevails here that it is Mr. Blaine's desire to die a communicant of the church of which his mother was a devout member.

## HE USED AN AX.

How Henry Kreckman Avenged the Brutality of His Wife.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 15.—Henry A. Kreckman went to his home, 1913 Mountain street, at an early hour, and discovered his wife, Laura, and Samuel Morris in a compromising position. He procured an ax and made a savage attack upon them. The axman killed the invader of his home, Kreckman went to the station house near by and surrendered himself to the police, saying that he had killed a man. Officers went to the house and found Morris with two compound fractures of the skull, a terrible wound over each eye and one arm broken.

## CHARGED WITH BIGAMY.

And Is Said to Have at Least Six Living Wives.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Dec. 15.—Theodore D. Fisk, the brother of Eugene Fisk, the Chicago millionaire, is a prisoner here, charged with bigamy. He was arrested on a warrant sworn out by his last wife, who was Miss Alice McLearn, of Malden, a suburb of Boston.

In the police court he pleaded not guilty and was held for trial in the upper court. It is said that he has at least six living wives in various parts of the country.

## A Lone Robber.

GREENWOOD, Miss., Dec. 15.—A bold attempt was made to hold up and rob the west-bound mail train on the Richmond & Danville railway, due in this city at 4:15 p. m. Tuesday. The robber boarded the train leaving Carrollton at 3:35 p. m., and was evidently an amateur in the business, as he got out at the front end of the mail car, thinking it was the express, and thinking that he could not get in the blind end of the car, he climbed over the tender and told the engineer to stop, and as soon as the train slowed up he jumped off and made for the woods.

## THE TRUTH OF IT.

Mgr. Sattoli's Mission to the United States—Authorized Abstract of Minutes of the 19th Annual Conference of the Most Reverend Archbishops in America, Printed for Private Circulation Among the Bishops.

BALTIMORE, Md., Dec. 15.—There has just been issued by the publishing house of John Murphy & Co., of this city, for private circulation among the bishops of the Catholic church in the United States an authentic abstract of the minutes of the third annual conference of the most reverend archbishops of the United States. This authorized abstract is signed "P. L. Chapele, secretary," and is accompanied by the following statement:

In accordance with a resolution of the board the foregoing abstract has been approved by the most eminent churchmen, Cardinal Gibbons and by his grace, the most reverend archbishop of New York. These approved minutes will be accepted by Catholics everywhere as conclusive on the disputed questions as to what took place in the conference as to the Sattoli mission, and the views the papal legat laid before the conference on the public school question.

Following are the extracts bearing on this matter:

The first session opened at 10 a. m., November 16, 1902, his eminence, Cardinal Gibbons, opened the conference with prayer. Archbishop Ireland tendered his resignation as secretary of the board and Bishop Chapelle was chosen in his stead.

Then the cardinal introduced the apostolic delegate, the most reverend Archbishop Sattoli. He informed the metropolitans that he had been commissioned by the holy father to speak to them, in his capacity of apostolic delegate, on the question of the Catholic education. He then read and explained fourteen propositions, which he left before the metropolitans for the purpose of finally settling the question, and of indicating the means that should be adopted for the imparting of religious instruction to Catholic children. After having declared that this statement was made in the name of the pope, Mgr. Sattoli went on to say that he had also been commissioned by the holy father to inform the metropolitans that, as it has been customary with the holy see to appoint apostolic delegates to reside permanently in countries where the hierarchy is well established and religion is flourishing, it was the pope's heartfelt desire that now a permanent apostolic delegation should be established in the United States with the concurrence of the most reverend archbishops.

At the afternoon session of the same day the document presented by Mgr. Sattoli was taken up, and some modifications suggested. Mgr. Sattoli, who afterwards entered the meeting, explained that the document represented the mind of the pope, which did not admit of discussion; that the style and expressions were his (Mgr. Sattoli's) own, and that he would be most happy to make in them any modification the assembled prelates deemed better.

In the evening session, Saturday, November 19, the most reverend delegates made a kindly and eloquent speech, thanking the prelates for their reception, and adding that their deliberations would be productive of excellent results. At the request of all the members of the board he kindly consented to alter the last sentence of his paper by concluding this important document with the following words: "All of which has been read and explained in the morning of the 16th inst., and the difficulties have been solved, the modifications asked for have been made."

It was unanimously resolved that the most eminent churchman should convey by letter to the most reverend apostolic delegate their grateful acknowledgment of the deep sense of duty which he had shown in his person and sacred character. They were, indeed, grateful to the holy father for having sent to them so learned and so devoted a minister of his mission, the duties of which he had so ably discharged.

## Later Advice.

LONDON, Dec. 15.—Later advices from Wigan state that the loss of life by the explosion at the Bamfurlong colliery may be less serious than at first reported. The situation, however, is most critical. One hundred men remain in the mine with their lives endangered, being unable to get out owing to the fire which followed the explosion and which is raging fiercely in the mine, making it difficult for rescuers to get at the imprisoned miners.

Notwithstanding the fire and many obstacles, the work of rescue is proceeding and volunteers are not deterred by danger or by difficulty in their efforts to save their fellow-miners from a terrible death.

Hundreds of women and children surrounded the mouth of the mine, waiting anxiously for news of fathers, husbands, brothers and sons. Some of the women volunteered to assist in the work of the rescue, but their assistance was not required. No effort is being spared to put out the fire and bring the men to the surface. Until this is accomplished the loss of life will be difficult to estimate.

LATER.—Twenty miners have just been brought up by the rescuers from the mine. The remainder are still imprisoned below. The rescued men were in an exhausted condition when brought to the top.

A Western Union Telegraph Manager Absconds Full-Handed.

ST. MARY, O., Dec. 15.—J. M. Tappert, manager of the Western Union Telegraph office here, has absconded. An investigation of his books shows that he has taken the company's last month's receipts. He also borrowed several hundred dollars from his friends. He acted as agent for the American Telephone Co., and recently put in twenty-five stations, for which he received the annual rental of \$30 each. It is not known if he has made a settlement with the Telephone company.

Decision in Favor of the Winnipeg Electric Street Car Lines.

WINNIPEG, Man., Dec. 14.—A decision was given by the court in the celebrated Winnipeg street railway case. The suit was between the street car company and the electric company, the former claiming exclusive rights to the streets of Winnipeg. The electric system was inaugurated by the consent of the city council, despite a charter granted to the horse-car company many years ago. The decision was in favor of the electric company, the motion for an injunction being dismissed with costs.

## SANTY CLAUS.

What that I was little now, ter stay so far away.

With no botherin' or frettin' all the day; For life was purty easy when I worked for mother's smile.

An' the leasins didn't last as long as play. How I witer write to Santy-claus the long. While the freights danced an' flickered on the floor.

An' watch the letter flyin' up the chimney in a blaze! But Santy doesn't hark ter me no more.

I knowed that Santy'd bring the things I wanted, of I see good. An' I witer be chipped ex a bee: An' I'd do my choppers lively, totin' pails and spittin' wood.

Ter witer no young un pleasanter then me. But now I'm old and saddened, and when Christmas time is come I keep thinkin' o' the times that's gone before.

An' it makes me long fer childhood an' the dear old kentry home. Fer Santy Claus witer come to me no more:—Florence E. Pratt, in *No Joke*.

## Christmas Bells.

O merry bells of Christmas tide Ring your glad tidings far and wide, Proclaim to all the Savior's birth, "Good will to men and peace on earth."

Blest above all that orient morn When Christ the holy babe was born, And over him knelt the Virgin fair, While shepherds bowed with reverent air.

Let earth and Heaven with praises ring, Each heart its pure devotion bring, Yielding allegiance to the King Of Kings, our richest offering.

Ye merry bells, raise joyfully Peals of love and harmony, While Christmas cheer and happiness To-day each freewill shall bless. Emily A. Brownell, in *Good Housekeeper*.

## Christmas Secrets.

You mustn't look in corners, And you mustn't hear on a sound, Because a flock of secrets Is flying all around.

They'll perch upon the Christmas trees When weary of their flight, Or they'll build their nests in stockings In the middle of the night.

But catch them Christmas mornin'—For dear old Santa sends In every one a sweet surprise To his loving little friends!—Anna M. Pratt, in *Youth's Companion*.

## Winter.

Winter has come! Christmas is here! The happiest time In all the glad year!

In the joy bells! Everything tells Christmas is here! Children at play, Merry and gay—

Laughing they say, Winter has come! Christmas is here! The happiest time In all the glad year!

## Little Men and Women.

Hardin, who had been visiting at the ranches above, and a few days at my place, and was now riding down to take the Galveston, Harrisburg & San Antonio road home, her baggage having been packed, and her horse ready to stop and take supper with us, and then ride on ten miles to the ranch below in the moonlight, which was very fine.

How should I know that the whole wild excursion—for it was a wild one for ladies at that time of the year—had been undertaken in such a manner as one imperious young woman, because she wanted to see the Old Man before she left? But I did know it, as well as if she had told me in so many words, by the time Miss Belle's disappointed eyes had roamed over the entire camp, taken in the inside of the tent, cruelly turned open to her gaze, and turned inquiringly to me.

I would have told her, instinctively, that the Old Man was busy about something, and would be in directly; but the devil counseled Corb to say, in a most aggravating and public manner: "The Old Man—that's what we call Mr. Bassett down here—out and run when he saw who his folks were. He's not fixed for company, you see, and he's not very sociable, anyhow; guess we won't miss him."

The flush that rose on Miss Belle's cheek told me the Old Man. I saw the thought rise in her pretty, angry face, that if she could brave a long, hard ride in an unpropitious season, and the ridicule of those with her, by persisting that she liked it and was taking it for pleasure, it was as good as he should be welcomed gladly. Why should she go hanging after a recalcitrant, here, where the best in that line goes a-begging? She turned sharply and interested herself violently in the camp and its equipments.

Fortunately, the crowd announced that they had brought good winter wear, or I doubt they would have been so happy. Amalia had not yet returned from her last trip for supplies, and we were pretty nearly reduced to eating sotol with the sheep.

Finally, when I had seen the lot of them, with Corb to help, at work opening boxes, bottles and tins, and the ladies, with their habits tucked up, fussing over the camp-fire and looking wonderfully pretty and sweet in their unsmooth surroundings, I strolled down to the thicket to see how fared the Old Man.

He had seen who our visitors were, and he was the most vociferous, forsaken-looking creature you ever saw. "I had my needle and thread with me, and I've toggled up my clothes so they look some better," he said. "Couldn't you, please, get me just a little bit of water?"

"Can you, friends, refuse me water—Can you, when I die so soon?" quoted Corb, who had followed me, in fiendish enjoyment of this object request—but something in the Old Man's eyes went to my heart. Poor, blundering, old black moth, fluttering after a fly! For I had no doubt Miss Belle merely wanted to see him to assure herself that she could justly hang his scalp among the many other trophies of that nature she was taking home to Galveston from the plains, and I sharply told Corb to go about his sheep business—entertaining the visitors—and then I went against my conscience, for the supply was fearfully low (and suppose something delayed Amalia!) I wet one end of a towel and conveyed it to the Old Man, and sauntered back to the merry picnic-ing group.

By that time the storm, in general, and young folks in particular. What madness made the Old Man set his fancy on a girl like that? A belle, a beauty, a petted, spoiled child of fortune, who would only look at him, a little firmly, to count him out as "one more," as the knitting women counted heads at the guillotine in the reign of terror. Not but what he was good enough—and doubly good enough—for any woman, and a tolerably good match; but could I blame a mere woman, without the chance I had for knowing, if she should rate Corb's sleepy eyes and inches above the Old Man's head of gold?

## Poor Old Man!

When he came lag-

ging and shambling into camp he was anything but your notion of a successful wooer. His face was red with bashful misery, and I had never known before how white his eyes could gleam from the thickets of a six weeks' beard. Miss Belle completed his discomfort by nodding to him over her shoulder, and then, as if struck by a sudden thought, offering her hand and saying: "I forgot; I believe I didn't see you when we first came." This, when we were but three men in camp, was rather transparent and very gratuitous; but it did for the Old Man. He subsided by the camp-fire and toasted bits of bread and strips of bacon for folks in such a reckless way that he half baked his face and brought the water to his eyes, saying never a word to anybody.

On the heels of this why should the Old Man's evil destiny have suggested to him to propose to Miss Belle now? I can't say, and you can't. Rank desperation, I suppose, and the frantic thought that she was going away and he might never see her again. Anyhow, I knew he meant to do it, for I heard them, when the party was saddling up and getting ready for departure. He had evidently asked her if he might ride a little way with her, as he

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Answering the mute appeal in the Old Man's eyes, I said, as the approaching party dipped into the drawer' case of the camp: "Yes, you hide out. Corb and I can entertain them—git!" and there was a tangled thicket of scrub and mesquite west of the camp, and he made for it and was out of sight by the time the crowd came up over the divide.

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## THEY PREPARED THE MEAL.

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noticed, too, that some one had lit the camp-fire again, and, as the danger to the sheep was passed, I staggered over to it as near done up as ever a man was. What I saw there, as the poet has it, "gave me pause."

There, on the ground beside the fire, sat the Old Man holding Miss Belle in his arms. She was sobbing wildly, and he was soothing and hushing her as a mother might her child. I thought of what she had said about fleeing to her mother when storm came upon us, and I was not three men in camp, was rather transparent and very gratuitous; but it did for the Old Man. He subsided by the camp-fire and toasted bits of bread and strips of bacon for folks in such a reckless way that he half baked his face and brought the water to his eyes, saying never a word to anybody.

I came up with some unnecessary noise, thinking to warn them of my presence; but she merely turned her head upon his breast and looked at me, and the Old Man glanced up and said, as if he thought the universe might be indictable for the trouble: "Her pony threw her in the storm, and she wrenched her ankle and is all chilled and shaken up, and I found her out there crying and brought her in."

"I never was so frightened in my life," said Miss Belle, with something of a return of her old vivacity, "till I saw you, then I was all right. We turned back when we found the storm was going to catch us and thought we could reach here, and I got separated from the rest—they'll all be in directly."

They came. Wet as rats. We made a big fire of sotol stalks, which burn like resin, and rigged up the tent again for the ladies, and by that time it was almost Christmas morning.

In the gray dawn I came upon the Old Man and one of the Austin fellows, riding out to the next ranch below us and send back their ambulance for Miss Belle, and then further to a little town beyond, to have some things in readiness which the Old Man wanted there.